O what excuſe can my inuention make
VVhen thou ſhalt charge me with ſo blacke a deed?
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints ſhake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my falſe hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth ſtill exceede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my ſonne or ſire,
Or laine in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this deſire
Might haue excuſe to worke vppon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of ſuch ſtrife.
But as he is my kinſman, my deare friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but ſhe is not her owne:
The worſt is but deniall and reproouing.
My will is ſtrong paſt reaſons weake remooving:
VVho feares a ſentence or an old mans ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus